The MEDICAL MISSIONARY

A Mohammedan Beauty

Vol. XIII November, 1939 No. 9

IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
EDITORIAL By Anna Dengel, S.C.M.M., M.D.	163
DRUGS—AND SOLUTIONS Condensed from "The Indian Yearbook," 1939	164
WON'T YOU COME INTO MY PATIO? By Sister Alma Julia, S.C.M.M., M.T., Ph.G.	166
PILGRIMAGE By Sister M. Helen, S.C.M.M., R.N.	168
JOSEPH IN THE PILGRIMS' FOOTSTEPS	171
HOME AND ABROAD	172
THE COMMUNITY AT FOX CHASE (Photograph)	173
MEDICAL MISSION NOTES	176
IN OUR LIBRARY	177
NOVEMBER MISSION INTENTION By Rt. Rev. Msgr. Thomas J. McDonnell	178

THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY
WASHINGTON, D. C.

DR. ANNA DENGEL
Editor

Published monthly except July and August by The Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries, Inc., Brookland, Washington, D. C., in the interest of Medical Missions and Women of the Orient.

United States: Medical Mission House
Box 4405
Brookland, Wash., D. C.

England: Medical Mission House
98 Thornbury Road
Osterley, Middlesex

Holland: Medical Mission Sisters
Heerlen, Holland

SUBSCRIPTION:
$1 per year; $5 for 6 years.

Entered as second class matter, September 11, 1928, at the Post Office of Washington, D. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

ACROSS THE PAGES. . . .

DRUGS—especially opium and cocaine—are a problem for governments which seek to regulate their production and distribution. "Solutions" vary: the aspects of drug traffic in India are summed up in this short article.

SISTER ALMA JULIA has another tale to tell. This time she describes "An Expedition to Satisfy the Curiosity of a New Recruit," which includes visits to three types of Indian homes.

THANKSGIVING a la Joseph, we might have named this story of a "handyman" who "follows in the Pilgrims' footsteps."

PILGRIMAGE this month brings us to the Garden of Olives, to the Dead Sea, and to the River Jordan.

MONSIGNOR McDONNELL, National Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, writing on the November Mission Intention of the Apostleship of Prayer, "For the Missions in the Island of Ceylon," sketches the past, present and future of this "Pearl of the Indies."

Preludes and Programs

People who are cogs in the wheel of a well-organized establishment, where few demands are made on reserve energy, hardly realize their good fortune! Pioneering, while it lasts, although anything but "smooth," has its own charms and compensations, but it is only a necessary stage and must ultimately taper into regular channels. It is only in this way that the maximum can be achieved with the minimum effort and time.

The Medical Mission field is vast, and the laborers are truly few. We are glad, therefore, that the preliminaries of finding a suitable Motherhouse, of making the necessary adjustments and repairs, are over. We have the Blessed Sacrament and daily Mass. On the Feast of the Little Flower, the Patroness of Missionaries, His Eminence, Cardinal Dougherty, celebrated the Holy Sacrifice in our chapel to mark the official opening. On October 8, we had "open house" for our friends, old and new.

This was the *finale,* the close of the "prelude." Now we are able to settle down in earnest to a big program. The first item on it is the opening of a new mission in the Jesuit diocese of Patna, India, in December. The beginning will be very small, as usual, but the possibilities are great! The second item, and one that has been put off during the concentration on the Motherhouse, is the development of our hospital in Rawalpindi. It is intended that this should be a center of charity, from which branches will reach out into central Asia—a pleasant enough prospect for contemplation, but there is many a slip between contemplation and accomplishment! The usual three tools—prayer, work and sacrifice—will have to be brought into service. We will get prayers if we ask for them persistently. We missionaries will work (but we need many more to join our ranks). And we need sacrifices of many kinds—of many people!

Through *combined effort,* charity to the sick and suffering can flow into many parts of the world, as a demonstration and fulfilment of Our Lord's teaching in the parable of the Good Samaritan!

Leaves—and Liturgy—and Hope!

November is a month for philosophizing—things seem to come to an end. It is true, in some parts at least, nature is still clothed in sumptuous robes, but she has lost her harvest jewels. One enjoys the riot of color, but it is not possible to get away from the thought that this glory will soon vanish and that no human device can preserve it even for a day longer than its appointed time.

In keeping with these conscious or subconscious sentiments of regretful anticipation of duller days and stripped surroundings, the Church brings to us the realization that we, too, are inexorably heading for the autumn of life and the day and the hour when the harvest of our earthly existence will fall into the scales of judgment—that we must die to rise to a new life.

At the outset of the sobering reminder of death, the Church, guided by the truth and therefore far removed from the gloomy beliefs of fatalism, *nirvana* (vanishing into nothingness), or endless transmigration of the soul, presents to us the Feast of All Saints. How positive, how hope-inspiring, how encouraging! The Saints ran the race of life with all their faculties set on the right goal, with faith as their guiding star and grace as their staff of support. They strove and they won!

Ours is the same task. We know the goal, we have the light, we are guaranteed the necessary help. We have just to do what the saints did: aim at the right goal and use the means to reach it. If we do this, we can not fail.

After "All Saints," comes the Feast of All Souls. This is another balm for our minds and hearts. It is logical that we can not face the all-just, all-holy God with a stained wedding garment. God's mercy has provided a place where it can be cleansed from the venial spots, and where souls can be made ready for the Beatific Vision. That this process is painful does not take away from God's mercy. The goodness of God has even made it possible to alleviate and shorten the purgatorial stage of our deceased friends and relatives by our prayers and good works. This gives us an opportunity to continue our tokens of love and gratitude to our beloved ones. As they are helpless for themselves, they must appreciate them all the more—and marvelous to contemplate, *they* can even help us! What devout Catholic has not experienced the help of the Holy Souls?

It is true, we must mourn. Such is the natural emotion. But the mourning of Catholics is not without hope and consolation, as of those who sit in the shadow of darkness of idolatry and paganism—either old or new.

Drugs - - - and Solutions

Condensed from

THE INDIAN YEARBOOK

1939

There is a fundamental difference between the opium problem in India and that in other countries, particularly in Europe and America. These latter are principally concerned with the vicious consumption of cocaine and morphine, and it is on the experience of the abuse of these drugs that much of the condemnation of the Indian policy is placed. It is accepted that the consumption of opium in America and Europe is, in effect, hardly less disastrous than that of morphine and cocaine. The reason is that to Americans and Europeans, opium is an unaccustomed drug. The habit of its use being both new and strange to them, it is never used to moderation but always abused, and the results have no relation to the consequences of moderate opium eating in India.

The fact appears to be that people acquire a tolerance to drugs to the use of which they have long been habituated. Opium has been used in India since the sixteenth century at least. The method of use is eating, and in India, generally speaking, eating seems to do little if any harm. Smoking, which is the habit of the far eastern races rather than of the Indian races, seems to do much more harm in India than eating; while on the other hand, where smoking is in ordinary use, competent authorities (the Royal Commission on Opium in Malaya) think eating more harmful than smoking.

Policy of the Indian Government

The current attitude and policy of the Indian Government were lately explained in their behalf to the League of Nations of Geneva. Their representative declared that any genuine measure of reform initiated by a Provincial Minister in connection with it, would receive encouragement and support from the central government, and showed that the policy of the government is and has been one of non-interference with the moderate use of raw opium, whether the object of the consumer be some real or supposed physical benefit, or merely the indulgence of the almost universal desire of human beings for a stimulant or narcotic, particularly those whose occupations involve exposure or severe bodily exertion. It is, and always has been, the desire of the government to suppress excessive indulgence.

Opium policy has on several occasions during the past few years come under discussion in the Central Indian legislature. Cultivation of the poppy in British India is confined, except for a few wild and inaccessible regions, to the area that supplies the Government of India factory in Ghazipur, in the United Provinces, where it can only be cultivated under license. Importation into British territory from the Indian states is controlled by prohibition of imports except on government account, and by agreement with the states concerned that they will not allow exports to British India except by arrangement. Cultivation in British India is progressing and rapidly being reduced. The sown area which produced the crop of 1931-32 was 37,012 acres. (Later dates are not available.)

The population of British India according to the 1931 census, is 271,526,992, and the consumption per head in British India, excluding that consumed for medicinal purposes, was 11.04 grains per head of the population. Since 1931, the opium consumption has decreased.

Close supervision is maintained over the licensed venders in all parts of British India; the condition of the licenses requires that the shop shall always be open to inspection, that no opium shall be sold to children or to bad characters, that sales shall only be made on licensed premises and during the prescribed hours, that only unadulterated government opium shall be sold and that credit shall not be allowed, that no consumption be permitted on the premises, that full accounts shall be maintained, and that the names and addresses of purchasers of more than one or two *tolas* (a *tola* is 180 grains) shall be recorded. These conditions are effectively endorsed by the excise departments of the various provinces.

The Cocaine Traffic in India

The form of cocaine chiefly used in India is *cocaine hydrochloride*. It forms light, shining crystals, has a bitterish taste and is soluble in half its weight of water. The alkaloid cocaine, of which this is a salt, is obtained from the dried leaves of the *Erythroxylon Cocaine*, which

grows in Bolivia, Peru, Brazil and other parts of South America, and in Java. The leaves are most active when freshly dried, and are much used by the natives as a stimulant. Tea made from them has a taste similar to green tea, and is said to be very effective in keeping people awake.

Spread of the Habit in India

The cocaine traffic in India, which seems to be reaching alarming proportions in spite of legislation and strict preventative measures, is of comparatively recent origin. The consumers of this drug, which is notoriously harmful, are to be found in all classes of society; in Burma, even school children are reported to be its victims. The habit has spread especially to those classes which are prohibited by religion or caste rules from partaking of liquor, and the well-known Indian intoxicating drugs.

Smuggling

So far as the cases already detected show, the persons who smuggle the drug by sea from Europe and places outside of India are chiefly sailors, stewards, firemen, and sometimes engineers and officers of foreign ships. Among the distributing centers, Delhi is especially notorious.

Great ingenuity is employed in smuggling cocaine through the custom houses. It is packed in parcels of newspapers, books, toys and piece-goods, and in trunks which have secret compartments. The retail trade in towns is very cunningly organized and controlled. In addition to the actual retailers, there is a whole army of watchmen and patrols, whose duty it is to shadow the Excise and Police officials and give the alarm when a raid is contemplated. During the year 1935-1936, a total quantity of 139 oz., 330 grs. was seized by the customs authorities. Seized cocaine is purified and supplied to the government medical stores' depot in India, and, to some extent, to licensed druggists and chemists.

It is no longer possible to buy cocaine from the betel nut seller, as it was 10 years ago, but scores of cases in the police courts show that the retail trade is thriving. High profits insure the continuance of the trade.

The law in regard to cocaine varies in different provinces. In Bombay, for instance, it is as follows: No cocaine can be imported except by a licensed dealer, and importation by means of the mail is entirely prohibited. The sale, possession, transportation and export of cocaine are prohibited except under a license or permit from the collector of the district. A duly qualified and licensed practitioner is allowed to transport or remove 20 grains in the exercise of his profession; and as much as 6 grains may be possessed by a person if covered by a *bona fide* prescription from a duly qualified medical practitioner. The maximum punishment for illegal sale is a year of imprisonment, or a fine of 2,000 rupees—this being increased for repeated offenses.

Tribute

"We must not fail them, for, if we do, we are halting the furtherance of Christ's cause. We can economize on luxuries, we can curtail our pleasures, but we must not fail the missionaries in the field and slacken the progress of the missionary movement by paring down contributions."

These are words taken from a speech given by the late George Cardinal Mundelein. It was at the time of the Eucharistic Congress in 1926 that the Cardinal, though busy with the work of preparation for the great conclave which was held in Chicago, granted an audience to Dr. Dengel. With all kindness, His Eminence listened to Doctor Dengel's plea for medical assistance for the women and children of India, in particular, and the people of the missions in general. When she had finished, the Cardinal said: "That is how we have to win them!"

May we ask our readers to join with the many who are praying for him. R. I. P.

I must confess that the aspect of mission work for which I have a soft spot, is the way it spreads gardens wherever it goes. The road of the missionaries is so often a path of flowers and fruit. I love Fr. Mascardi, S.J., whose journeyings deeper and deeper into the heart of the Argentine wilderness are marked, even to this day, by the string of orange, apple and other orchards he planted. And the spirit endures. Only in 1893 Fr. Gillet, of the same society, took to himself a wilderness at Kisantu, in the Congo, and turned it into a botanical garden that is now famous through Africa and the world.

Wherever they went they carried these beautiful and practical as well as their spiritual gifts—and they were often immensely practical. The great banana trade has grown up from plants taken by missionaries from the Canary Islands to the West Indies. And they brought back like gifts. Quinine (Jesuit bark), the sap of trees that could be moulded into "rebounding balls" (the first news of rubber), and many other wonders reached Europe through them.—*The Universe*, June, 1939.

A Mahommedan Woman in a Burka

Won't You Come Into My Patio - - -

By

SISTER ALMA JULIA, S.C.M.M., M.T., PH.G.

Dispensary duty had not been particularly pressing, nor had the heat been oppressive. And so with both time and energy in our hands, it was not difficult, when closing time came, to ignore the most direct path home in favor of a route more devious—and more interesting! Sister Ann, my companion, and a veteran in our Pindi mission, went even further. We could make it an expedition. Ever since I had arrived I had had a desire to explore and compare the various types of Indian homes. So this would be an "Expedition to Satisfy the Curiosity of a New Recruit!"

Sister Ann assured me that she was acquainted with a *dhobi* (washerman) and his wife who would be honored to show us their quarters, and set off accordingly with me at her heels. Of course, we did *not* walk on the sidewalk. Such a thing simply does not exist, at least not in these quarters! Occasionally there will be a little stretch of ground before the house (its flat front sticking straight up from the street, and forming a solid wall with the equally flat fronts of its neighbors) and the street, but there is no observable line between the two. Just as often the vague "boulevard' is missing, and the householder steps from his front door immediately into the rush (?) and turmoil of the traffic.

Visits here are casual affairs. There are neither doorbells or knockers. I was reminded of the story of the Englishman who criticized the American custom of saying "Hello," when answering the telephone. "Now in England," he explained, "we simply say, 'Are you there?' And if you are, you answer, and if you aren't you don't!" And so here one does not bother to knock; one simply walks in, and if the inmates are at home, one sees them, and if they are not, one doesn't. Sister Ann's friends were not at home, but I could see the general plan, anyway.

There were six rooms—and an oven—arranged around a central court, or patio. The only door was in the center of the front wall, and led into the patio *via* the "front room." This "front room" is exclusively reserved for—the buffalo! The animal was out at the moment, but that other bit of equipment indispensable to the Indian washerman, the donkey, was patiently standing in the first room to the right.

The courtyard was similar to our southern patios, and the other rooms opened onto that. In this weather these latter serve as bedrooms, storage-rooms, etc. In this particular home, one was used as the ironing room; the oven was arranged for the boiling of clothes, and the remainder of the compartments had *charpoys* (string beds) and other objects in them. Sister told me that this home was much nicer than the average for this class of people. Just as we were leaving, the *dhobi* himself came in. He was not a bit upset by our invasion; rather, he regretted that his wife was out getting some straw for the donkey!

As we stepped into the street, we met two women who knew Sister Ann, though how Sister recognized them was a mystery to me! Both wore *burkas* (a sort of white cloak) which covered them from head to foot, and they might just as well have been ghosts, as far as I could tell. Seeing that we were apparently inspecting the neighborhood, they asked us to come over and visit their house. Sister accepted.

We turned down the next street, which was perhaps a trifle wider and cleaner than the one we had left, and the houses a bit newer and more substantial looking. Otherwise, the layout was the same—plain brick fronts, right on the street, with burlap covers over the main entrance. But a delightful surprise awaited us. These ladies kept no animals in their quarters. Instead of housing a buffalo, they probably bought their milk, and they were wealthy enough to have their laundry done by a *dhobi*. Therefore the first room was just a plain reception hall and nothing else.

In general, the architecture was the same as in the other home we had visited, except that the place was more spacious, more artistically decorated and cleaner. The donkey's room was supplanted by a nice, winding stairway which led to the roof. Looking up from the middle of the patio, one felt as if one were in a well, albeit a small and very pleasant well. There were mari-

golds nodding over the corners. I never realized how lovely golden flowers look against a blue sky—perhaps I never viewed them that way before.

The biggest surprise came when the flap over the door dropped down behind us and the "ghosts," safe in the courtyard, threw off their *burkas*. Lo and behold! There before us were two handsome women, a mother and her fourteen-year-old daughter, beautifully dressed in the usual punjabi trousers, colored blouse, turned up shoes and jewelry. The rest of the household next emerged—there were three women, I believe, and several children—and they all gathered about us in a normal social manner. We were given European armchairs to sit in; the others made themselves comfortable on two *charpoys* which were in the patio.

Sister did all the talking; I could not understand much of what was said. But they did invite us to inspect the house, which we did. The *charpoys* were made up nicely with clean, embroidered spreads. Dishes were arranged in racks around the walls, and I glimpsed bureaus and other odds and ends which are common to an American home.

When we came in, a sweeper woman, evidently a servant, had been tidying up the floor. She at once stopped her work to get a kind of stove, about the size of a bucket, and made a fire in it. The lady of the house brought out a table which she set before us and covered with an extremely large turkish bath towel, white with a bold blue border, and apparently new. Then a dish of some kind of pastry was added, another dish of finger-sized morsels which looked like cake or biscuits, and a third dish with bananas.

In the meantime the kettle of water had begun to boil on the little stove. Our hostess herself made the tea: She took a bright bowl, which looked like silver, placed it on the fire, poured the tea (which she had steeped meanwhile in the kettle) into it, added about a cup of sugar, brought this to a boil, added a cup or so of milk, brought it to a boil again, and then poured the brew into a crockery teapot, European variety. One of the women brought out a tray with cups and saucers on it and covered with a lacy napkin. The fourteen-year-old daughter next settled herself in a chair arranged so that she would face us across the table, and it was she who finally poured the tea in regal style!

"Would you have some more sugar?"

I had watched with apprehension the generous addition in the process of the making. I tasted; my misgivings were justified. But I only said, "No, thank you. It is just right!" And we drank it!

"*Thora* (a little more)?" she asked. But I could not take any "thora"; the tea was so hot that it was time to leave before I got my first cup finished.

The women brought out some new garments they had bought at the bazaar, in preparation for the big "Feast of the Roza." Incidentally, a rigorous fast precedes this feast, and this was the reason our hostesses brought refreshments only for us. It seemed a shame to eat and drink in front of them when they could not touch a drop with us, but they were evidently so thrilled that we had accepted their hospitality, that it probably was worth the price.

The clothes which they displayed were beautiful. Further conversation informed us that the daughter was to be married in six months. She was really lovely looking, and appeared sturdier than the Hindu girls I have met so far.

"Are these her wedding clothes?" Sister Ann asked.

"Oh, no!" They were aghast. "The bride does not see her wedding clothes until the day of the wedding!"

The Indians are very frank in their conversations (and they expect you to be equally so. One of the first questions you may be asked by a total stranger who happens to be a fellow passenger on the train, is, "How much do you earn?"). And so they considered it quite natural to tell us, unasked, that they owned the house, that it had cost 5,000 rupees, and that the head of the family had a shop in Agra.

When I had at last finished my cup of very hot tea, and Sister Ann arose to go, we were "salaamed" to the door with smiles from all. It had been a lovely visit.

As we resumed our way, and only a block from the Mohammedan house, we came to the sweepers' compound—at least, one of them. A high wall surrounded it, but as the spirit of exploration was still upon us, we went in the gateway and found ourselves in what might best be described as a barnyard. A few women sitting listlessly around showed a mild interest in our arrival. Numerous children, extremely dirty and dressed in rags, gathered around us. One baby lay with its face burrowed into the shoulder of the "big brother" who was carrying it. The latter explained that its eyes were too sore to stand the light.

One of the things that had struck me most was the great number of blind—not just men and women, but children. And as my glance swept over this characteristic group, I could see that here were children, babies even, going blind before our very eyes simply for want of a little argyrol. These people were only a few steps from the dispensary, and yet they did not bring their children with their sores and infected eyes for treatment. Were they afraid of us? If we had had the medicine dropper with us, would they have permitted us to treat the youngsters? I could not ask them, as I did not know their dialect well enough; nor did I have time to talk

(*Continued on page* 178)

Pilgrimage

By

SISTER M. HELEN, S.C.M.M., R.N.

(Continued from October)

—Courtesy *The Crusaders' Almanac.*

Our next sally was to be outside the Old City of Jerusalem. Early in the morning my companion and I left by St. Stephen's Gate, passed by the Jericho Road across the brook Kedron (which was completely dried up), and finally ascended the hill to the Garden of Gethsemane. It is not so high in point of feet and inches, yet it rises above the surrounding landscape and provides a sweeping view of Jerusalem. Directly opposite is the Golden Gate, through which Our Lord passed when He left the city to come to the garden to pray. Now it is walled up; one can only close one's eyes and imagine what it was like nineteen centuries ago.

Around the corner of the path we caught sight of the brown habit and cord which had become so familiar to us by this time. It was Brother Josaphat, a Franciscan Friar, who introduced himself to us and offered to be our guide.

A church has been built over the spot of Our Lord's Agony — the one now standing was erected exactly on the site of the original edifice and is of comparatively recent date. The first church built in this place was destroyed; when it was rebuilt the workmen, wittingly or unwittingly, deviated from the former site. But when the laborers were digging the foundations of the present edifice they unearthed the ruins of the original church, which had been buried for centuries in depths of debris. The outlines were traced and followed, and now the High Altar stands over the rock where Our Lord prayed that "if it be possible, this chalice might pass away."

The church has been beautifully planned. Architecture, furnishings, decorations have been blended to achieve a single mood, a mood of sorrow that has in it both peace and nobility. Light filters softly through purple stained glass windows and emphasizes the deep purple background, symbolic of mourning. The ceiling, the walls are solid expanses of exquisitely wrought mosaic, with the exception of a single painting, a painting of the Agony. Various sections of the ceiling have been given by different Catholic countries and are signed with that country's coat-of-arms—testimony to the fulfillment of the command to "teach all nations." Even the high altar is of marble of a delicate purple hue; on each side and above it rough, unhewn rock is visible.

In contrast to the subdued light in the church, the garden was brilliant with sunshine. Here we saw eight venerable olive trees, their huge trunks gnarled and twisted, their limbs, many of them, decayed and held up by strong wooden braces. The green branches still bear fruit, and at this time—the middle of May—they were speckled with tiny green olives.

Beneath the deep green foliage and between the trees the flower beds formed startling bands of color. Roses, lilies, pansies, cornflowers, phlox —these were only a few of the flowers which were in full bloom. The stone wall enclosing the garden was entwined with the brilliant passion flower. I rubbed the sole of my shoe over the sand and pebbles. How could such lovely blossoms grow in such soil? Brother Josaphat told us that the whole top layer had been carried up from the valley, and that all his time was spent in this little garden, keeping it watered and weeded. He leaned over to pick a few pansies, added to them a handful of olive leaves, and gave them to us with minute directions how to press them. They would be preserved as precious souvenirs.

A short distance from the Garden is a rock cave, where Our Lord and the apostles often retreated to rest and pray. Because it was entirely underground, it has been left untouched and unaltered by the waves of infidel invaders which have swept over it. The rough, rock ceiling is traced with stars and other figures, thought to have been carved there by the Crusaders with their sabers. The cave is in charge of the Franciscans and, like the church and the garden of Gethsemane (and, in fact, everything under

their care), was beautifully kept. There are three altars where Mass is celebrated daily. Here, too, we proceeded under the guidance of a venerable Franciscan, Fra Juniper, an octogenarian, who, after showing us about, invited us to be seated while he regaled us with tales of the Holy Sepulchre. He had been sacristan there for many years. It was fascinating to listen while he wove pictures of things that had been, of things he had seen and in which he had taken part. There were the great Holy Week celebrations, when pilgrims came in thousands. There were Greeks coming from Russia by the shipload. There were profiteers who drained the pilgrims of their last pennies, so that many of the poor were unable to return home and were left, half starving, in the streets of Jerusalem.

Brother Juniper escorted us to a larger cave, also, the tomb of Our Blessed Mother. This is in charge of the Greeks and Armenians. We entered by descending a flight of stairs. Part way down, to the right, Brother pointed out the tombs of St. Anne and St. Joachim, and to the left the tomb of St. Joseph.

At this point a Greek priest met us and gave us lighted tapers. Half feeling our way down more steps in the wavering candlelight, we came at last to the tomb of the Blessed Virgin. All around the walls were paintings and plaques of precious metal depicting Our Lady, angels and various saints. The gleaming outlines of little lambs, fashioned from gold and silver, were visible, suspended from the ceiling.

All this had taken a goodly amount of time. Our traveling had been on foot, and the tales of Fra Juniper had been as long as they were entertaining. Our day was spent and it was time to go back to the haven of the hostel.

Our itinerary for the next day included Jericho, the Dead Sea and the River Jordan. Jerusalem is 2,300 feet above sea level; the Dead Sea is 1,000 feet below it. Actually it is the lowest spot on the earth. And so our journey led us down, down, down. En route we passed the Mount of Scandal and the Mount of Temptation, where Our Lord prayed and fasted for forty days and nights. High up on the side of the latter we could discern the outlines of a Greek monastery. The surroundings looked bleak and barren; we remarked that monks living in such an inaccessible and isolated place must surely lead very mortified lives.

—Courtesy *The Crusaders' Almanac.*

The River Jordan

If "possession is nine points of the law," the road to Jericho practically belonged to us that day. Except for an occasional Bedouin, with long flowing garments and staff in hand, intent on leading his flocks of sheep to pasture on the dry, sunburnt hillsides, the highway was deserted. It was not long until our ears began to tingle from the change of atmospheric pressure. Our driver stopped the car and answered our querying glances by deliberately shedding his coat: It was getting noticeably hotter and very sultry.

The drive to Jericho took just one hour—we arrived at 9 A. M. Even at this early hour the air was intensely hot and still. Around us in unbelievable greenness stretched groves of date palms and banana trees. According to the data vouchsafed by our driver, the present or modern city is the third to be raised on this site. The first Jericho was that of the Canaanites, the second that of Herod.

Our journey to the Dead Sea was not to be made in such isolation. Already on the other side of Jericho we encountered trucks, about a dozen of them, loaded with potash from the potash works nearby. The motor lorries were protected by armored cars, mounted with machine guns, and on top of each truck stood two Arab prisoners. The potash works, it seemed, was an entirely Jewish concern, and in the past Arab terrorists had been dynamiting the trucks as they passed to and fro with their cargoes. To prevent these outrages the Government had conceived the idea of protecting the trucks with Arab prisoners, and the measure had served its purpose.

Down, down we went and, out of the atmosphere of humidity and oppression, the Sea burst upon us as a beautiful expanse of deep blue water. On the opposite shore the mountains of Moab rose, rugged and steep; in the brilliant sun of morning their sides took on a pale mauve color. Mt. Nebo, where Moses is buried, was also discernible.

I stooped to fill my hand with water from the Sea and pressed it to my lips. It was not only salty, it was actually very bitter. My fingers felt as if they had been dipped in oil; in a few minutes they were dry and coated with a fine layer of salt. The big salt works is on the opposite shore and this we had no time to visit—we must be off to Jordan!

Our road now was narrow and bumpy. The driver explained that it was a private lane, built by the Franciscan Fathers. But for all its bumps, it brought us to the River Jordan.

At this season of the year—late springtime—the Jordan is only a narrow, muddy stream, but our guide assured us that earlier in the season, when the snows are melting, it rises sometimes as much as ten feet and is transformed into quite a mighty river! Nestled picturesquely on the shore was a Franciscan chapel, encircled with brightly blooming flowers. The old gardener in charge told us that Mass was once celebrated there daily, but during the last few years such occasions had been rare and, shaking his head sadly, he remarked that times indeed were very hard. There was seldom a visitor nowadays who gave him even a piastre for the upkeep of his work!

Other buildings were visible along the shore—houses belonging to the Greeks, the Armenians and the Syrians. It was our guide who pointed out to us the spot where Our Lord was baptized—but very honestly he added that, of course, no one really knew the exact place.

Our return was like a stereoptican journey through portions of the New Testament, only the pictures were real! There was the "Inn of the Good Samaritan," the ancient sycamore tree up which Zachaeus climbed to see "Jesus of Nazareth passing by" (the very branch on which he rested is pointed out!), a roadside fountain, known as the "Fountain of the Apostles," whose cool, sparkling waters must indeed have been very refreshing to those travelers in this dry, sun-parched land.

Not far from Jerusalem is Bethany, which consists of some ruins and a few Arab dwellings and huts. One tumble-down relic is called the "House of Martha and Mary." A short distance beyond is the tomb of Lazarus. This is in the custody of an old caretaker, who, for a couple of piastres, gave us each a lighted taper and guided us down a flight of about fifteen or twenty rock steps, rugged and very slippery. At the bottom we saw the place where the body had been laid and, nearby on the same level, the original door of this tomb, now closed up. Immediately above the tomb is a crude rock slab, on which Mass is offered at certain times of the year.

In Bethphage we stopped once more in reverence to the spot where Christ, seated on an ass, had begun His triumphal entry into Jerusalem. Here, too, the church is in the hands of the Franciscans. Above the main altar a huge mosaic shows Our Lord on His mount surrounded by people shouting their "Hosannas" and strewing palm branches in His path. Each year on Palm Sunday all classes of Christians, together with the clergy, assemble here and march in magnificent procession to Jerusalem.

On the Mount of Olives we visited the Basilica dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, known as the *Church of the Pater Noster,* and the small rock cave where Our Lord taught the apostles the "Lord's Prayer." Here on the walls of the portico, in large, legible script, the "Our Father" is written in thirty-one different languages.

The *Church of the Ascension* is now in the hands of the Moslems; a round dome reared over it has converted it into a mosque! There was no one about except a little lad, who said that his father was away and had not left the keys to open the church. We contented ourselves with the splendid view: from here we could see the entire city, the great expanse of the surrounding country, and even in the distance the Dead Sea, visible as a faint streak of blue!

We had planned to return to the hostel for dinner, and it was already past midday. Hungry we were and thirsty, but this dulled none of the anticipation for the expedition we had planned for the afternoon—a journey to Bethlehem.

(To be continued)

Joseph in the Pilgrims' Footsteps!

Joseph is a handyman. His trades have been many. Whether they were abandoned for loss of incentive, the quest of greater riches, or simply in the interests of ambition, we probably shall never know. But periodically Joseph shows up at our back door with the announcement that he is ready to work for "three square meals a day."

Joseph also is black. In the summer time his head is strictly shaven and shorn, and there have been speculations as to whether he did not use a bit of polish on the shining surface, so that the flies would slip off! But in the winter there is a neat rim of black wool around the pool of baldness in the center. In somber moments, Joseph's face is long and slanting, the lips unduly large and protruding—but Joseph is seldom somber, except at such times as he is recounting how his landlady ejected him from his room in the rain. Ordinarily he wears an expression of unstrained intentness on his work, that can stretch at a second's notice into an unbelievably broad grin, and even culminate in a hearty "Hee, hee, hee!" Joseph laughs a good deal, but it is not shallow, silly laughter. His humor is simple, and it is real. He has imagination; he also has his own philosophy. Even Joseph, with his flair for relating his adventures in the realm of various employments, would scarcely claim that he ever had been a teacher. But he has a homely way of summing things up that brings the matter to a point, and makes it easy to learn.

"Sistah," he will say, "you see, Ah figgers thisaway. Ah figgers dat you oughtta always do a job dat good, dat you ain't never ashamed to come back an' show yo' face in dat place again." And he lives up to it. Slow, he is; as slow as the proverbial molasses in January. But when the job is done, it is something more than simply a piece of work completed. A man has set out with a definite intention, he has realized his aim, and the joy and satisfaction he has found in the winning of his goal has passed into that which he has touched. Things even seem to bend more willingly beneath his hands, perhaps because he understands gratitude.

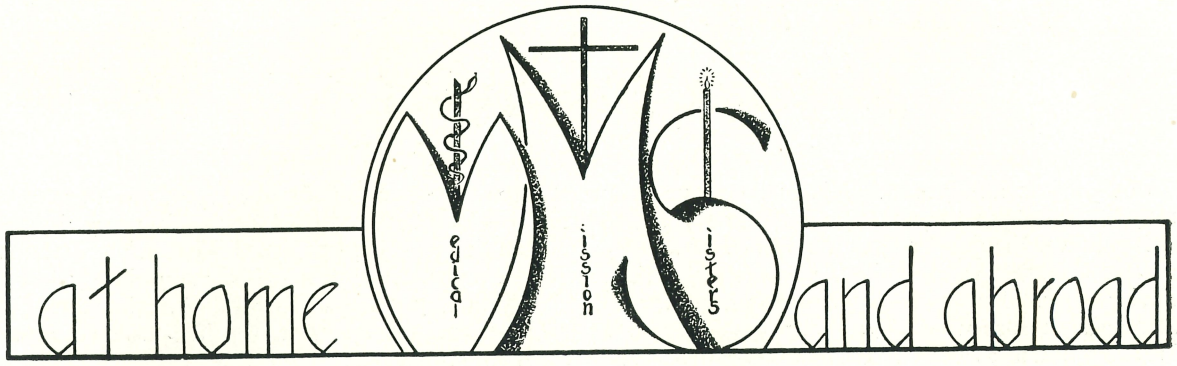
Joseph never stands in front of a rake and says, "Thank you, Mr. Rake, for helpin' me clean up dis patch o' weeds." But when he holds his tool, it is with the grip of a man who has in his hands a helpmate, and he respects it as such. Knowingly or not, it is aiding him to do what he wants to do with all his heart, a perfect job. And if the rake is missing: "Sistah," he came up very seriously the other morning, "Ah wondah if yo' all have seen dat dere rake ah was a-usin'? ah had it stuck away in the co'nah in de garage, right cheah!" A brief pause, a sheepish grin—it may sound silly but—"Doggone, yo' know, Sistah, Ah jist liked de feel o' dat rate, somehow. We worked along right fine togethah!"

One of the first tasks Joseph set about to do on his last return was the cleaning up of the chicken yard. There was a generous accumulation of corn husks and other indigestible morsels. Like a general surveying the scene of action, Joseph contemplated the havoc, clucked his tongue and shook his head. "Dat sho some mess, Sistah." He was almost somber—but then the grin came: "But ah gwine fix dat up fo' you. Yes-sah! Joseph kin fix him up! Now, wheah dat rake and wheah dat hoe"—and "fix it up" he did! It took all morning, and most of the afternoon, but Aladdin with his lamp could not have removed the debris more completely. We told him so.

"Why, co'se, Sistah, didn' ah tole you what ah does ah does perfeck? Ah likes to do work dat way—dat's de only way fo' Joseph to work. An' look at dem dere chickens now, would yo'? Dey's struttin' aroun' jes' as proud-like, and a-stretchin' dere necks—ah declare, ah do think dey's a-tryin' to say 'thanks!' "

Such is the way of Joseph. One of his "friends" had just returned from the hospital, where he had received treatment in the free ward. Joseph was enthusiastic. "Yo' know, Sistah, dat dere's a wonderful hospital. It's a Cat'olich hospital, yo' know, and dey is jist fine. Ah was dere once. Ah had typhoid-pneumonia, an' all de other hospitals, dey done give me up. Dey say dey ain't no hopes for old Joseph. But not at that Cat'olic hospital, dey didn't. No, sir. Dey nursed me along—Sistah, dey done took care o' me fo' three weeks, an' Ah didn' know a thing, but Ah come through all right, Ah did. An' dey's de ones dat did it. Sistah," his face grew very serious, "dat's sumpin' Ah'll never forgit."

To hazard what Joseph's gratitude would mean in the debit and credit ledger of the big hospital is beside the point. Joseph is too big, too natural, too much simply himself to worry about the exact evaluation man might place on his person or his "thank you." What he does know is that he has in himself something which knows "dey jist ain't nothin' God made 'at can be so dumb as it don' say 'thanks' somehow when it gets sump'n nice done fo' it. It jist ain't no helpin' itsself!"



America

Medical Mission House
8400 Pine Road
Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa.

Medical Mission House
Box 4405
Brookland, Washington, D. C.

The past month has been a big month in our annals—it has been like the key which has opened the door to a new vista—fertile ground where our apostolate may strike deep roots, and grow and flourish.

The 3rd of October was our "own" day, the exact anniversary of the discovery of the house, and the Feast of the Little Flower. His Eminence, Cardinal Dougherty, offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in our chapel at 7 o'clock, assisted by his secretary, the Rev. Dr. Cletus Benjamin, D.D., the Rev. John O'Rourke, C.S.C., our spiritual director, and the Rev. Father Burns, curate of St. Cecilia's Church in Fox Chase, who served as Master of Ceremonies.

After breakfast, and a tour of the house which His Eminence kindly consented to make, the photographer arrived to take a picture. The honors we gave to the Little Flower. Our shrine was hastily constructed, as wet weather made it impossible to arrange it beforehand, yet the bower of autumn leaves, arranged on the porch outside the chapel, provided a lovely setting. It was here that we gathered for the photograph which we include in this issue.

Medical Missionaries came from all corners for the occasion. Drs. Leonie Tummers, Elise Wijnen, and Isabelle Schmitz-Dumont, all internes, had arranged their hours so as to be "home" for the event. Sisters M. Theophane and Michael were also able to arrange their schedule at Providence Hospital so as to be present with several other members of the Washington house. It was a truly "big family" that gathered around Soeur Therese "to have its picture taken!"

From 10 until 12 a. m. we had Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, to give all an opportunity to offer thanks to God for the lovely Motherhouse. Messages and telgrams brought us the news that this thanksgiving was being offered in other places, too, which brought a deeper joy, perhaps, than even the messages themselves.

"May the Little Flower rain roses upon you and your community today. May she take up her abode at the new Motherhouse to usher forth each eager apostle when she turns her step toward India."

"Congratulations and best wishes for success in your new home. The opening of your Motherhouse and novitiate marks another step forward in your work to bring souls to God. May He continue to bless all your undertakings."

"May this day and many others be filled with happiness and blessings."

"Loving, prayerful congratulations, and all good wishes that God's blessing may ever enfold your new Motherhouse."

Messages such as these bring the fullness of friendship.

October 8 was scheduled for "Open House" for the laity. We had invited all our friends, old and new, to visit us, and it was splendid and satisfying to see them coming in. There were even friends from Washington—the Rev. Francis Goodall, C.S.C., Superior of Holy Cross Foreign Mission Seminary, and Brother Bertrand, C.S.C., both "original friends" of the very first pioneer days. Mrs. Thomas Finnin, one of the first members of our Washington Auxiliary, was also able to be with us. She brought greetings from her group to the Philadelphia club, which has set as its goal to do for our Fox Chase house what that pioneer Auxiliary has done for our Washington "cradle."

From 10 o'clock in the morning until 5 in the afternoon there was a steady stream of visitors,

(*Continued on page* 174)

Seated, left to right: Sisters M. Catherine, M. Anthony, Dr. Anna Dengel, the Rev. Father Burns, the Rev. John O'Rourke, C.S.C.; His Eminence Dennis Cardinal Dougherty, the Rev. Dr. Cletus Benjamin, D.D.; Sisters M. Helen, John Mary and Agnes Marie.

Second row: Miss Pomeji, Miss Flannery, Sisters M. Augustine, Lucia, Rita, Michael, Angelica, Theophane, Xavier, Dr. Leonie Tummers, Sister M. Alphonsa, Dr. Isabelle Schmitz,Dumont, Sisters Jeanne Marie, Winifred, Francis, Peter, Rene, Miss Young and Miss Gearhard.

Back row: Miss Heaton, Miss Lauer, Sisters M. Hedwig, Hildegarde, Philip, Regina, Cyril, Nicola, Rosina, Damian, Frederick, Dolores, Gertrude, Henrietta, Christopher, Raphael, and Martha, Miss Green and Miss Verhill.

(*Continued from page* 172)

old, young and middle aged, men, women and children. One little Miss of about 8 or 9 marshalled in a younger brother and sister, seated them decorously at the table for their tea, which was served by members of the Philadelphia Auxiliary, and supervised both menu and manners! When one of the sisters approached to greet her, she introduced herself as "the little girl who picked up the package you dropped in the store that day, don't you remember?" "A friend in need is a friend indeed!"

"And are your mother and father here?" Sister inquired.

"No, Sister," replied this capable young lady, "but they will be over later!"

Everyone wanted to see everything, from top to toe, and above all, the grounds. Most of the people were struck by the way in which we had utilized every inch of space. They did not realize that we had to—and necessity is the mother of utilization, as well as of invention! To house forty sisters, and have all the room necessary for carrying on the work, takes more space than most people can imagine!

At 5 in the afternoon we had October devotions. Both the chapel and parlor were filled with visitors, and our sisters overflowed into the library! Crowded we were, and perhaps some a little uncomfortable, kneeling on the floor when benches and prie dieus failed, but it was really a beautiful ending to a very beautiful day—gathered as one family to pay homage to our King!

Europe

Medical Mission House
Osterley, Middlesex, England

Medical Mission Sisters
Heerlen, Holland

News from England—news from Holland! We were sorry we were not a big "daily" that could print a special edition for all our friends, to share with them the news that all is well with our Sisters in Europe! But we will let them speak for themselves.

"Sunny Side Up!"

Sister M. Lourdes writes: "We are very fortunate here in Osterley, and there is very little need for worry, even though London is raided. There are millions worse off, and despite the "black-outs" we are all cheerful and manage to see the funny side of our little disadvantages."

In the same vein, Sister M. Bernard comments: "All we hear all day long is war, war, war! Everywhere they are putting up public shelters. We never know what to expect next—but we can still laugh and tease one another. We have our own "pump" for an incendiary bomb. Sister Monica and I work it. Sr. Madeline Sophie is to bring the sand, and Sister Lourdes says if anything happens, she will come up with the holy water! She seems to think she will be the only one left!"

Traveling, Mask and Baggage!

Sister Madeline Sophie gives a more complete picture of events: "Now that war is here, we appreciate how well spent was the time that was given to preparation. We have so much to be thankful for—we know what to do in almost any emergency, and have a very comfortable refuge room.

"We carry our gas masks with us always, and if we go any distance from home, by order of the Cardinal, we must, like all the other sisters, wear a modified headdress, so that in case of an air raid we can put our masks on easily.

Black-out!

"Sister Lourdes and I went into London yesterday, and the signs and preparations for air raids there are heartrending. In the hospital we visited everything is ready for an emergency. Every building—many of them very old—is sandbagged on all sides, and the windows are papered against smashing. Everyone carries a gas mask. I think it is compulsory. For showing lights at night one may go to jail as well as incur a heavy fine. We have our windows well draped in black, with military obediences for "black-out." Each of us has a set task when the signal is heard.

When missionaries go marketing in England. . . . These are not shopping bags but gas masks!

"Pray along with us that it may have a speedy and happy end. Every evening one can truly say with deep fervor that prayer of Compline: 'May the Lord Almighty grant us a quiet night.'

Harvest and Foresight

"English summer has been beautiful—never too warm. The garden has grown well. We have an abundance of fruit, including donations from our neighbors at Campion House and from the Vincentians. This enabled us to do a good bit of canning—which will help us through the winter. Our postulants have been so good through all the rush and excitement—they must even wear their gas masks when they are out picking fruit!"

Evacuation

And Sister Monica adds a final note: "I have never seen the people or even the country in such a serious and sober state. What I miss most are the children! They have been evacuated from here and consequently we never hear their happy laughter—they used to go by so regularly on their way to school.

"We still have the privilege of having the Blessed Sacrament in our chapel, but as the Vincentians, with the exception of Father Superior, have been called up for service, we must go out for Mass. The other morning the air-raid signal called us away in the middle of the Holy Sacrifice.

"The black-outs at night are complete—streets in utter darkness, the curbs streaked with white at intervals to facilitate traffic—I am glad we ourselves need not go out! When the siren sounds at night we must scamper to the refuge room—it is just a little gruesome. The other night we sat and said the rosary before the 'all clear' signal was finally given.

"But there are always funny sides, and the best of it is that we have not forgotten how to laugh!"

News from Heerlen

And now from Holland Dr. Eleanore Lippits and Sister M. Agatha have sent us both an account of their crossing and of their first days in Europe. On shipboard, Dr. Lippits writes: "The two travelers are just around the corner from you every morning, whether you believe it or not. For as there is no priest on board, we follow Mass with you, daily.

"But on Sunday we had a variation! There are a lot of Irish people on board, and early in the morning—as there was no prospect of Mass—they sent us a delegation asking us to cooperate in their substitute. Every Catholic within reach was marshalled into rank, and down we marched to 'tourist' quarters. There was an Irish Senator on board, and he it was who was called upon to preside at the 'services.' First we sang the 'Ave Maris Stella,' and then the Senator read the Sunday gospel—the gospel of the 'Good Samaritan.' Then all together we said the rosary. Sister Agatha and I were established right in the center of the first row, and were singled out by stately senatorial gesture to lead the first and second decades of the rosary! After that we had the litany, and then some hymns. At this point the Senator made the sign of the cross—but he had reckoned without his Irish!

"First the congregation said: 'Just one hymn for Our Lady!' We sang it. Then another sign of the cross. But then there was a plea for a hymn for the Holy Father! It was rendered. By this time it was getting warm, and the Senator once more vouchsafed to start the sign—when everyone in a chorus demanded: 'All Hail to St. Patrick!' And this certainly was a finale! We did not all agree—nor did the organ—but St. Patrick must have been proud of his Irish and, I hope, of his temporarily Irish by adoption and appointment!"

Missionaries on Wheels!

The sisters stopped in England and then went on to Holland. "We are both fine and forget all about the war," writes Sister Agatha. "The only difficulty we have had was in the beginning, when we had the problem of traveling. The first days after the mobilization all the trains were used for the soldiers. Our only means of transportation was—by bicycle. (Note: In Holland, the bicycle is the most common mode of travel. They have bicycle paths just as we have sidewalks, and everyone rides—priests, sisters, laity!) Our first trip was from Nijmegen to Arnhem, a distance of about thirty miles. In Arnhem we stayed with the Mill Hill sisters, visited Mgr. Wagner and Bishop Biermans, and returned to Nijmegen the next day.

Settled!

"As for house-hunting, I feel very experienced by this time. I would like to say that we visited every empty house in Heerlen, but I know that would be an exaggeration. We have found a really lovely place now, in the suburbs. It has a little garden in the front and one in the back, too. We are both anxious to get settled."

Medical Mission Notes

✣✣✣

Chinese Doctors in the Service of Mission Hospitals

Of the 12 doctors who graduated in July, 1938, from the Catholic University of Shanghai (Aurora University), nine are now in mission hospitals—three in St. Mary's Hospital, Shanghai, and the other six in mission hospitals in different parts of the country. Two are in a private hospital, and one entered the Society of Jesus.—*Bulletin Catholique.*

Refugee Work in China

Of the ten refugee camps in Kaifeng, four were under Catholic auspices. In these ten camps, 15,369 refugees were admitted, 42,115 medical treatments were given, and about 5,500 people were inoculated against cholera. During the first month, 11,000 people were fed daily; during the second month, 2,000; and during the third month, 1,000. Father Francis Slougherty visited every camp daily with a car put at his disposal by a Chinese gentleman.—*Medical Mission Yearbook, Würzburg,* 1939.

A New Remedy for Leprosy

One of the most unpleasant features of a certain stage of leprosy is the pain along the nerves. A patient who came to the Marist sisters' leprosarium in Makogai, in the Fiji Islands, had a little bottle of highly scented oil in his luggage which, according to the owner, was very effective in alleviating pain. The sisters asked for the nuts from which the oil was extracted, and tried it, with favorable results. Sister Susanne, with the help of the botanist, Jeanson, of Paris, succeeded in preparing an ether-like oil, which is now much used in Fiji, Indo-China and Africa. (The name of the nut from which the extract is made is not given.)—*Bulletin Catholique, Peking.*

"Cholera Land"

Every year, cholera spreads terror and fear in some parts of India. Popularly, cholera is called the "great tiger," the "powerful goddess," etc. It is also one of the many deities in the Hindu pantheon. The disease begins to appear in May, and reaches its zenith in July, after the first rains. It favors the densely populated places, and from there spreads to the surroundings. Travel for missionaries becomes difficult, because the native servants are very much afraid, and are willing to make unbelievably great detours to escape the foci of infection!

The Indians are very superstitious about cholera, as well as similar epidemics. They have no scientific explanation of them and thus neglect the necessary precautions which would reduce the number of those attacked by about 70 per cent. For the Hindu, a contagious disease is a consequence of a curse or a bad deed. As soon as a case occurs, a council is called to decide who is the culprit, and woe to him who is suspected!—*Le Missioni Cattoliche.*

Cholera in China

The League of Nations' Epidemic Commission to China studied the epidemiological situation, advised as to remedial measures, and applied directly sanitary measures in the cholera epidemic of the Central Provinces.

The efficacy of anti-cholera inoculation, if administered in sufficient dosage, was fully confirmed. The people took kindly to the vaccine. In some places they even believed that the injection would protect them, not only against cholera, but against illness in general.

A treatment with hypotonic saline infusion reduced the mortality tremendously; in an instance where hospital patients were given this treatment, the case mortality rate was 7.33 per cent. In the same month, there was a mortality of more than 80 per cent among patients who did not come to the hospital.

In the absence of waterworks in Chinese cities, chlorination of water drawn from the rivers by carriers should become a standard procedure.—*Cholera in Central China during* 1938. *Its Epidemiology and Control, by R. Cecil Robertson, M.C., M.D., and Robert Pollitzer, M.D. Transactions of the Royal Society of Tropical Medicine and Hygiene. London, July,* 1939.

Cobra Venom and Leprosy

Injection of cobra venom proved to be very efficacious in destroying the neuritic pains of many leprosy patients. This was thought to be due to the property of the venom to destroy tissue. It does not kill the leprosy bacillus itself, but by destruction of its field the action of the bacilli is made impossible.—*Indian Medical Gazette.*

In Our Library

✣✣✣

NOTES ON THE HUNTING ECONOMY OF THE ABITIBI INDIANS, *by William H. Jenkins. Catholic University Press, Washington, D. C.,* 1939. 31 *pages.* 60 *cents (paper cover).*

This monograph recounts some of the experiences of the author who, several years ago, had the opportunity of visiting the Lake Abitibi Indians at La Sarre, Lake Deparquet and Amos in the Province of Quebec, Canada. The Abitibi Indians are a primitive people, and in the pages of the little booklet Dr. Jenkins gives us a brief view of their hunting economy and shows something of their relationship to their still primitive environment. Practically nothing has been published before concerning the ethnology of this tribe, and so this concise statement of their hunting habits will prove interesting to anthropologists.

* * *

A NEW OUTLOOK IN CHRISTIAN MEDICAL WORK, *by P. V. Benjamin, M. B., B.S. From "The International Review of Missions," London, October,* 1939.

The closer a person comes to Christ the more will he follow this one basic rule—What does God want me to do here and now? That is holiness, to do God's will; that is successful living.—RUSSELL, *Christ, the Leader.*

A Protestant approach to the medical mission apostolate is summed up in this current issue of the quarterly magazine published by the International Missionary Council in London, England. Mr. P. V. Benjamin, the author, is associate director of the Union Mission Sanatorium at Arogyavaram, South India, and was secretary of the section on Medical Work at the World Meeting of the International Missionary Council, held at Tambaram, Madras, India, in December, 1938.

Several excerpts are made from the report of the section on the Christian Ministry of Health and Healing at the Tambaran meeting. After pointing out that care of the sick is not just a "mission method" but an integral part of fulfilling the Gospel, the author quotes:

"There is a clear call to give greater attention to preventive medicine. This will mean active sharing in all forms of health and welfare work and health teaching in schools. . . . Emphasis should not be on the mere dispensing of medicines, but, rather, on tracing each disease to its source with a view to elimination. Each Christian hospital should be a center of health, that educates the community it serves. Its purpose cannot be considered fulfilled unless its influence permeates the community as a whole and is manifest in clean streets, a pure water supply, better sanitation and cleanly habits."

From the same report he again quotes:

"In the relationship of religiou and health lies an imperative call for pioneering. The scope of the hospital's ministry will be enlarged by using specially trained members of the staff to inuire as to the economic, social, mental and religious background of every patient, so that both bodily and spiritual ministration may be provided in ways adapted to the special needs of the individual, both while in the hospital and after leaving it. The hospital would thus become a center where search could be made for ways in which spiritual ministry might aid in bringing full health to patients. We have scarcely crossed the threshold of such a quest as this. . . ."

* * *

THE APINAYÉ, *by Curt Nimuendaju. Translated by Robert H. Lowie, Catholic University Press, Washington, D. C.,* 1939. 189 *pp.* $2.50 *(paper cover).*

The author, a resident of Brazil for many years, has been a sympathetic student of the native tribes in that country. He has for a long time devoted himself to an intensive study of the little known Gê tribes, of which the Apinayé are a branch.

In the pages of this volume, Dr. Nimuendaju gives us a glimpse of the social structure of the Apinayé society, and closes with some myths and tales that have been handed down from generation to generation in the tribe. The original of the work is in German. There are several other works on other branches of the Gê tribes which have not as yet been translated into English.

* * *

"DON'T BE A DUCK" is the intriguing title of a first-rate article I have been reading in the American *Readers' Digest.* The aim of the writer, J. P. McEvoy, is to teach people how to get the most out of traveling. Don't be a tourist, he says, but a traveler, the best way of doing this being to throw away your guide-books and follow an interest. One example he gives is that of a friend of his who when traveling goes about testing and tasting soups, these being his chief interest. As a result he comes into contact with crowds of interesting folk of the same way of thinking, folk who are only too pleased to show a fellow-enthusiast the sights of their various districts during the time between soups.

November Mission Intention

For the Missions in the Island of Ceylon

The history of this "pearl of the Indies" goes back to a remote past reaching to the time of King Solomon who is thought to have obtained "his ivory, apes and peacocks" from this island, later known to the Greeks and Romans as Taprobane. About 500 B. C. the Singhalese conquered Ceylon and accepted their religion. Later the Tamils from India, disputing their conquest, introduced Hinduism, and today, after more than 2,000 years, these two religions are followed by close to 5,000,000 of Ceylon's inhabitants.

Tradition tells us that St. Thomas the Apostle first introduced Catholicity into India and that the Faith was carried from the mainland to Ceylon. Nestorianism decimated the ranks of the Catholics while the crescent sword of the Prophet converted thousands to Mohammedanism. It was not until the arrival of the Portuguese at the beginning of the 16th century that the Faith was reborn on the island. St. Francis Xavier fired the tiny spark with his zeal and charity and the numbers of Singhalese embracing Christianity were greatly increased.

However the change of power from the Portuguese to the Dutch marked an era of persecution, culminating in the edict of 1658, which made it a crime "for which the punishment was death, to harbor a Catholic priest." Like the early Christians of Japan, the Singhalese were forced to practice their religion "without benefit of clergy" until the fearless and zealous Father Joseph Vaz, native Indian priest and superior of the Congregation of Oratorians at Goa, entered the island disguised as a slave.

Although violent persecutions followed the arrival of Father Vaz, the way to religious freedom was gradually opened, particularly after the English took over the government of the island. Today, after a hundred years of progress, Ceylon is standing on the threshold of a new era of achievement. Her sons and daughters are dedicating themselves to the service of Christ; native priests are caring for ever-enlarging areas, and a native Bishop has been placed in charge of the newly created see of Chilaw.

There are approximately 450,000 Catholics on the island today and Catholic education has won the respect and approbation of government officials. Multitudes of devout Buddhists may make their pilgrimages to lofty Adams Peak to pay homage to the legendary footprints of Buddha, but Madhu, the Lourdes of Ceylon, brings 100,000 pilgrims annually to do honor to the Mother of God. The Church in Ceylon seems to be facing a bright and fruitful future, but it must be remembered that this is an infant Church which needs the prayers of the faithful to grow in strength and numbers. Hence the request of the Holy See for this intention during the month of November.—*Rt. Rev. Msgr. Thomas J. McDonnell.*

COME INTO MY PATIO

(*Continued from page* 167)

it over with Sister. But I do know that the sight of those sore eyes and the thought of a lifetime of darkness that confronts those ragged, wasted mites haunts me yet. And this was just one little compound of a group of people that make up a good percent of the population of India!

All along the inside of the wall there were little rooms, almost like cubicles in a hospital ward. Each small compartment houses a family. Food is cooked and eaten in the open yard. Most of the sweepers were out working and, indeed, we had probably seen them—cleaning the streets, gathering the manure from the roads to dry it and sell it for fuel, employed in all the lowly tasks which are assigned to the lowest of the low, who have no hope of rising higher, except—but that is a long story. And it was time for us to go home.

R. I. P.

Please pray for the repose of the souls of:

The Right Rev. Msgr. Michael Lavelle, P.A., New York, N. Y.

The Reverend Robert Sorgi, Staten Island, N. Y.

Sister M. Felix Sheehan, Hartford, Conn.

Sister M. Anicetus Egan, West Hartford, Conn.

Sister M. Germaine Peters, West Hartford, Conn.

Brother Albert Labonte, Limburg, Germany.

Mrs. Annie Herb, Appleton, Wis. (Mother of Sister M. Helen Herb, S.C.M.M., and Sister M. Frances Herb, S.C.M.M. [R.I.P.]).

Mrs. Frank Homer, Riderwood, Md.

Miss Anne Flattery, Detroit, Mich.

Mr. Joseph Guilfoile, Waterbury, Conn.

Dr. Hans Betz, South Africa.

Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord: and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace. Amen.

Paul Is DEFINITELY—

—In Distress!

But perhaps you have not yet been introduced!

"Paul" is the fine press, all dressed up with a self-feeding unit, who joined our household soon after the "family" departed for Philadelphia. He has settled himself quite satisfactorily in a room all his own; he has accumulated a number of accessories (though some of these are "home-made" and not especially elegant!); he is ready, like his zealous name-sake, to send his "epistles" to all parts of the world! But now a digestive problem has arisen—we need a paper cutter!

Paul is stout and sturdy—and he likes to be fed accordingly. In fact, his automatic unit refuses to accept anything smaller than 3½ in. x 5½ in. If we insist on giving him what he dubs "chicken feed," we must resort to hand-feeding! (And who wants to be hand-fed? Moreover, with "small" work, two or three pieces can easily be printed at the same time on a sheet quite in keeping with Paul's dimensional requirements. Thus, after say, 1,000 impressions, we would have 3,000 copies. But—THEY MUST BE CUT APART—and—WE HAVE NO PAPER CUTTER!

We have started a "paper cutter fund," but inquiry has informed us that to get a cutter adequate for our work both today *and* tomorrow, we need $100 more.

If you have ever had indigestion, you will know just how Paul feels! And when you are miserable, you are grateful for anything! Even a nickel will make the fund grow! Won't you help? He will appreciate anything you send to

THE MEDICAL MISSION PRESS
Box 4405
Brookland, Washington, D. C.

MEDICAL MISSION SISTERS

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries is a religious community of women founded in 1925 for the purpose of providing medical care to the sick in the foreign missions.

The Motherhouse and Novitiate are located in Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa. There is also a House of Studies in Brookland, Washington, D. C., and Houses of Postulate in England and Holland.

At present the Society labors in India, where the Sisters conduct hospitals, dispensaries, maternity and child welfare centers, training schools for native nurses and midwives, and similar health activities. It is the purpose of the Society to send Medical Missionaries to any mission field of the world. The Society has many requests; it needs many vocations.

For further information apply to:

SISTER SUPERIOR
MEDICAL MISSION HOUSE
8400 PINE ROAD, FOX CHASE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.